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Volume XXXIV

December Dairy Issue
1936

Number 3

Story -- Peaches For Sale

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RESERVE THE DATES!

CORNELL'S Farm and Home Week is scheduled this year, (speaking in terms of the academic year of 1936-37) for the six days,

FEBRUARY 15 to 20, 1937

By that time politics will be relatively forgotten, the national administration, whoever wins, will have been already in its stride,—because the new January date for the inauguration will be more than a month past.

Farm men and women will be looking ahead, and the State Colleges at Cornell will be glad to help with outlooks and uplooks.

At the College of Agriculture and the College of Home Economics, plans are already under way to entertain and to aid the seven or eight thousand guests who will crowd the college corridors and campus.

You will probably receive, in various forms, other reminders and invitations to travel to Ithaca for the big event. This is just a reminder of the days, to be ringed in red on your new 1937 calendar.

So remember the dates:

FEBRUARY 15 to 20

The Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XXXIV

December, 1936

Number 3

Homogenized Milk on Your Doorstep

By R. F. Holland '32

SOON the gentle clip-clop of the milkman's horse in early morning may bring to your home a new product — homogenized standardized milk. And the housewife may welcome its coming. The early riser cannot pop off the cap and pour off all the cream into his coffee, because the cream isn't on top. When this product arrives, people will begin to realize the rapidity with which the dairy industry has advanced in recent years. We are often inclined to look askance when new practices are proposed, but when one stops to consider the changes of the past half century he must be aware that the next fifty years will bring forth still more striking changes. A brief history of the industry will show this more clearly.

The written history of man does not tell when the earliest cave-man cowboy caught the first calf, nor is there a record of the date when man first learned the gentle art of milking, or when or how butter or cheese was first made. The earliest records that we have are the sculptures on ancient buildings.

Possibly one of the oldest buildings yet excavated was unearthed near Babylon by the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia and their report states that the edifice is more than 6000 years old.

"It's facades were set back from the platform so as to leave a narrow strip on which stood a row of statues of bulls sculptured in the round. These stood some three feet high . . . Of the frieze of cattle lying down we have a dozen examples. The most interesting, a panel four feet long, has on one side a milking scene, cows and their calves and men milking the cows into tall jars." This is possibly the oldest known record of the milking of cows.

The dairy industry changed relatively little from that early date until fairly recent times. Up to the middle of the last century the only contributions of importance were the crude methods of manufacture of various types of cheese, the churning of butter and the development of certain breeds of cattle.

At this time the "factory system" was first introduced. In 1851-2 the

first cheese factory was built in New York State by Jesse Williams.

Following this came a rapid succession of inventions and improvements. In 1856 Gail Borden received the first patent on condensed milk; in 1878 Dr. DeLaval invented the centrifugal cream separator; in 1886 Thatcher invented a successful glass milk bottle; in 1902 Gaulin in France built the homogenizer. These along with the development of pasteurization, mechanical refrigeration, rapid transportation and the application of principles gained from scientific research have given tremendous im-



petus to the dairy industry. Thus it is hard for us to believe at the present time the records of common practices of adulteration and misuse which were prevalent a few years ago.

IN 1862 the Academy of Medicine in New York City succeeded in getting a bill through the State Legislature which they thought would check adulteration. In the first case that came before the courts, however, the magistrate ruled that the addition of water to milk did not make it in any sense unwholesome and thus could not be said to be adulteration. (Put that in your glass and drink it.)

Two years later the following amendment was added to the law: "The addition of water or any substance other than a sufficient quantity of ice to preserve the milk while in transportation is hereby called an adulteration." Thus the dairy operator was forced to freeze the water before it could be added to milk. It was not until more than two decades later that the adulteration of milk was practically checked in our cities.

As late as 1923 in an abstract of a paper read at the World's Dairy Congress we find the following quotation,

"In Nov. 1917 when the present Milk Ordinance of Baltimore, Maryland was passed, the delivery of milk was in the hands of about forty deal-

ers who served the milk by dipping it from cans and pouring it into the vessel of the customer. Picturesque perhaps this was, as well as providing bacilli a happy roving life. Some few plants had begun to apply a so-called pasteurization, but much of this was an abuse which left the milk quite inferior to its original condition."

Tomorrow morning when you take from your back porch your bottle of milk, produced under modern conditions in clean, regularly inspected barns, from tuberculosis, abortion, and mastitis free cows, pasteurized in a sanitary dairy, bottled by machine in clean, sterile bottles, and delivered to your door, fresh, sweet, clean, and cold, consider for a moment how short has been the time since a quart of milk might easily have been a greater health hazard than it is now considered a benefit.

At the present time we have come to regard creamery butter, condensed and evaporated milk, powdered milk Vitamin D milk, process and cream cheeses, and ice-cream as staple products. Yet within the memory of many of our fathers some of these products were considered as curiosities and the bulk of them were absolutely unheard of.

Let us now turn from the past and present to a speculation regarding what is in store for the fluid milk industry in the near future. Science has just begun to scratch the surface of the physics and chemistry of milk. The developments in the next fifty years as regards milk handling, processing and distribution will probably be far more striking even than the changes that have taken place in the past fifty years.

A demand is beginning to be created among thinking people for a product which may be called "Standardized, Homogenized Milk."

BEFORE we consider what may be the advantages of such a product it may be well to explain the meaning of the words "standardized" and "homogenized."

Standardization refers to the adjustment of the fat content of the milk in such a way as to maintain a constant percentage. Under the present laws this is forbidden in plant

(Continued on page 11)

Teacher of Public Thinking

By P. L. Loomis

AN OLD Dodge comes to a stop in the parking area back of the radio station. After a few moments a figure extracts itself from the machine and a thin man of medium height, wearing a crumpled brown hat approaches us. The first thing we notice about him is two twinkling blue eyes behind his nose glasses. We recognize that he is Professor George A. Everett, head of the public speaking department of the Agricultural College.

As for the Dodge, well, he does not see the object in paying money for new cars when the old one still runs, and any man with an eye for business can see through that all right. This idea of getting a new one every year is just a fad of the car manufacturer anyhow.

In the years of his teaching some 20,000 students have registered for his courses. You might think that his class would be a mere routine by this time. But let us reassure you that the two hours spent in Extension Teaching 101 are the most alive ones of the week.

We'll let you "set in" on a few class periods to show you what we mean. Professor Everett believes that all speeches, public or otherwise, should be conversational so he first gives the class a chance to get acquainted.

When he started teaching at Lawrenceville Academy he instructed the boys in the arts and gesture and rhetoric. He trained them to raise their hands to different levels to indicate various emotions. Now he urges us to forget our hands and ourselves. "Choose a topic which interests you, he urges us. Particularly a subject in which you have had personal experience even though it be the technique of manure spreading."

The first discussion of the term is apt to be about religion or science. Professor Everett doesn't assign any definite speech but asks everyone to think about the topic. When the class meets again the professor opens the hour by hurling a quietly voiced bomb at the class such as this one. "The Greeks were right when they said that the proper study of man is man."

The race is on. The bacteriology majors and home economics students arch their backs in preparation for self defense. They find it difficult to restrain themselves until their neigh-

bors have finished talking. But the professor insists on mannerliness, and so they sit and wait their turn. A little later in the hour Professor Everett condemns psychology because it is not an exact science.

On Tuesday Professor Everett says with all the sincerity in the world: "Harvard's cultural system of education is the best in the country isn't it?" To which the class agrees wholeheartedly. But on Thursday after a speech on science he says: "There's nothing like a scientific education, yes sir, none of this culture, science is the thing." At this point about nine-tenths of the class challenge this statement against the one he made on Tuesday. This obvious inconsistency of opinion bothers the students at first because, after all, they do try to believe in their professors. When they begin to realize that Professor Everett couldn't possibly believe all



the opinions he professes, they begin to question among themselves whose opinions he does adopt. The answer, they discover, is that he upholds the belief of the opposite to that the student takes. Encouraged by his daring the other members of the class feel free to voice their thoughts. Thus he causes all of the students in the class to express an opinion on the subject before they realize that they could be stage struck or tongue tied.

THERE is one belief, however, that the professor holds firmly. He requires that every student in his class read the early history of Cornell University as told by Andrew D. White in his autobiography.

Professor Everett knew Andrew D. White and Liberty Hyde Bailey. But he says, modestly, that he feels that he is incapable of describing these great men. So he sends us to the autobiography to read about them. The University means a great deal more to us when we learn how Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White struggled to organize it.

One of Professor Everett's pet questions is, "Describe the basis on which Andrew D. White chose the first professors of the University." He answers the question himself after the prelim, "They were chosen," he tells us, "because of their personal integrity and enthusiasm for their work, and," he adds, "they were a great bunch of men."

Maybe it was the class discussions of the biography that a certain professor on the hill referred to when he said, "Professor Everett taught me the real meaning of an education."

One of Professor Everett's hobbies is reading French Canadian poems at his open house gatherings. He was born in the wilds of St. Lawrence County and feels proud to be related to these people of the north country. His recitations show their customs and dialect. There are few men on this campus who can speak with more authority on the people of Canada and the North Country.

Did some one mention fishing? If they didn't I'm afraid anything about Professor Everett would be decidedly lacking, because next to people there isn't anything that rates higher, with him, than to dangle a line in the water of some stream where the speckled beauties lay, awaiting a Coachman or a White Nat. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that he has whipped a line in nearly every good stream on the North American continent. One type of fishing seems to hold the sway, at present anyhow, and that is salmon fishing in New Brunswick. This is a real he-man's sport and it takes a good man to land a ten or fifteen pound salmon with a fly rod, believe it or research if you will.

On these fishing trips Professor Everett makes mental notes of the people he meets and can always relate many interesting incidents in his travels which have the distinctive dramatic touch of the personality of their narrator.

One of the nicest tributes paid to Professor Everett was by Russel Lord '17 who is one of the editors of The Country Home Magazine. In his book "Men of Earth", he calls the Professor one of the kindest and wisest men "on the Hill."

There is one question which we would like to ask the professor when we finish the course and that is, "What do you really believe?"

Peaches for Sale

A Short Story by J. B. Locke

MRS. Kendall opened the oven door and peeked in at her biscuits. This was to be the first peach short-cake of the season so it had to be extra good. She hoped John had not eaten so many peaches while he was picking that he wouldn't be able to eat his dessert. A glance at the rising forms assured her that they would bake for another five minutes. She would have time to gather some flowers for the table. She took an old pair of scissors from the hook over the sink and went out into the garden.

The garden was in full sight of the road and she could see the familiar Chevrolet sedan drive up to the house. Her daughters, Mary and Jane, jumped out of the car and rushed over to her.

"Hello mother," Mary spoke first. "We got the baskets. What a time we had finding the place. We spent most of the lunch hour looking."

"The men have been picking all day so it's a good thing you brought them," answered Mrs. Kendall.

"We almost didn't get here," said Jane. "There's a new rut down in the flat and Mary didn't see it in time and we almost hit the ceiling. All the baskets fell over the back seat. It'll be a wonder if they're not split."

"Has pop got many orders?" asked Mary.

"Nobody has telephoned to reserve any but he's counting on the same crowd that came last year." Mrs. Kendall's voice was confident.

"I hope he doesn't get disappointed," said Jane. "The Fentons have just opened a roadside market just out of town. That'll cut into the Stockton trade."

"Don't be such a wet blanket all the time," replied her mother. "Your father has always sold his peaches." She changed the subject as she picked up the bundle of asters she had been picking. "I guess I've got enough. Look at the gentian, girls, it just came out today. Remember when your father and I dug it up over in the glen. We didn't know whether it would live here or not. Pop's been so busy in the peaches all day he hasn't had time to notice it."

She turned to go into the house and saw that her husband and Joe, the hired man, were letting the cows out of the barn-yard. They would be in to eat soon. She remembered her biscuits and hurried into the kitchen.

"Guess I'll take my vacation now and pick peaches. Will I get a tan

like you, pop?" asked Mary as they all sat down at the table. "How many baskets did you pick?"

"Joe and I got thirty," he answered. "How many bushels would that be, Jane?" He always delighted in asking his youngest daughter questions that involved arithmetic.

"Fifteen," answered Jane.

"Right," approved her father, and we ought to have 300 bushels before we're through."

"Gee Pop," said Mary, "that's \$600." You and mom'll be able to take a vacation."

THIS is my vacation," Mr. Kendall returned. "Will you be here Saturday and Sunday to help with the week-end crowd? And could you bring me out some change from the bank tomorrow if I give you some bills?"

John Kendall had been working hard in the orchard all day as well as doing the regular chores. He should have been tired but he did not realize it. The peach season was his vacation as he had told his daughter. He looked forward each year to having the cars drive out from town and follow his homemade signs. Each year he made some new friends in the orchards and saw his old ones again. The cars would drive up to the back door and the wives would get out to talk to Mrs. Kendall. All sorts of people came. There were the Peters and the Slocumbes who brought their own baskets and saved five cents on each bushel; the lady who kept the tea room in town always bought three bushels of little white ones for brandy. And there were always several trucks filled with the children of the tenant farmers. The farmer's wife would ask if she could pick up some drops. John would answer pleasantly that "Drops did make good jam." He knew from the hungry look on the children's faces that the fruit would never reach the jam-pot. He always filled the kids' pockets.

Peaches were a good cash crop, too. Three years ago they had sent his girls to business school and last winter they had paid the cow's feed bill. There wasn't any money in cows anymore after you paid the feed bill. He was counting on the peach money this year, too. He hadn't told his wife just how much he was counting on it. No need to worry her.

On Friday of the first week that John had put his ad in the paper that his peaches were ready, John had sold only 10 bushels. "Oh, well," he

comforted himself, "they'll sell over the week-end." So he and Joe continued to pick. The fruit was getting ripe now and falling to the ground. John hoped it wouldn't rain before Monday.

Saturday afternoon the girls hurried back from work at the insurance office in town to help their mother sell. They arranged the peach baskets in a neat circle on the grass. They put the White Belles of Georgia in the center. They were small and cost only seventy-five cents per basket. Next came the Elbertas, golden yellow in contrast to the pinkish green tinge of the Georgias. The crowning beauties of all were the large, smooth Crawford's. They were a luxury peach and cost one-fifty per basket. The girls put them around the outside to frame the circle. There were 200 baskets altogether.

"I don't see how anyone could resist those peaches," said Mary.

"They seem to be doing so," Jane replied drily.

"I'm awful sorry for Pop. He looks so worried."

John and Joe came in from the orchard to eat. "How many did you sell?" John asked his wife.

"Oh," she answered lightly, "the Peterses and Slocumbes came. Didn't the men come over to the orchard?"

"Yes, but answer my question," he insisted, "How many did you sell?"

"Thirty baskets, wasn't it, girls?"

John was silent through dinner. His discouragement was contagious. After supper the girls went out and Mr. Kendall sat in the kitchen while his wife did the dishes.

"You know, Evelyn," he said, "this is more serious than I've let on. I've a note for \$400 due at the bank the fifteenth and I was depending on peach money to pay it. I paid \$200 more for that tractor than I told you." told you."

WE'LL have to sell the peaches then, somehow," she answered.

"But how? It's a good peach year. If I let anyone else handle them they wouldn't allow me much. They can get them too easily."

"Well, if you can't sell them yourself you'll have to sell them on shares. How about trying Fenton's roadstand or Tom's." Mrs. Kendall knew how her husband would hate to have the commission merchant handle the fruit which he enjoyed selling himself.

It was finally settled that Joe
(Continued on page 11)

Dear Folks at Home:

Campus portrait: Gloomy student plodding along through the snow, the wind whipping the pages of his open book as he crams facts into a bewildered brain for his third pre-vacation prelim; co-ed dressed in a red ski-suit; campus dogs rolling in the snow; ear muffs galore—red ones, blue ones, plaid ones, velvet ones; hats blowing everywhere, owners in hot pursuit. A merry life hi-ho.

We had our annual mass meeting of all students in the college last week. The mass meeting always gives us a jolt. "We cannot see the town, for looking at the little houses," some wise man once remarked. It is quite true. We live in our own comfortable little cliques, and never see ourselves as just one little bungalow in a big town.

To get back before the simile gets too involved, the whole college turned out en masse for the supper and meeting. The faculty dished out heaping plates of creamed chicken, waldorf salad, pickles, rolls, ice cream bars, and cookies, and with a bottle of chocolate milk in the other hand, we wandered along miles of tables looking for a place to sit down.

At the meeting Miss Rose reminded us that Farm and Home Week was not so far distant, and told something of its history and purpose for the benefit of the freshmen. "We might say we got our building on cabbage," she smiled, and reminisced about that first Farm and Home Week, when the home economics department was up on the top floor of Roberts Hall (where the Countryman office is now), and along with demonstrating some of the first electric stoves, they served a meal to the state legislators. It was the cabbage that got them. As one legislator said, "It couldn't be cabbage because I never eat cabbage," and they all went back home to Albany and gave us a nice little building which served well the purposes of the college for many years. Today the students of the college are proud of the important part they are allowed to play in the Farm and Home Week program. Miss Rose urged us especially to see that our parents come, and there was some satisfaction in remembering our family has never missed a year since that first one way back when, by some awful misdirection, we hunted all over Goldwin-Smith for the two-headed calf.

The purpose and program of Omicron Nu were explained by Bert Ed-

wards. It is an honorary society, promoting scholarship, leadership and research. The criticism often directed toward honorary societies is that, having acquired this honorable estate, the members smugly settle back on their haunches. Omicron Nu makes an earnest effort to overcome this tendency by making membership a responsibility to work toward higher goals, rather than a goal in itself. New members elected this fall are Mary Chaney, Ines Squassoni, Elma Shaver, Eloise Grant, Cecile Wilt, Barbara Pratt, and Helena Palmer, all of the class of '37. Eloise Grant is a member of the Countryman business board.

The Home Economics Club's main purpose is to bring the students of the college closer together. The Fireside Reading Group is coming along well, as a popular and profitable Sunday evening recreation.

After college, what? By the senior year, we begin to think solemn thoughts on the coming year, whether or not we have any uneasy feelings about the employment situation, and thereby hangs the student request for another series of vocational talks to be given this year by various people in the university. Miss Esther Stocks, secretary of the college, will have charge of this series, with Emma Rose Curtis '37 as her student assistant.

Speaking of Emma Rose Curtis, she gave a most interesting account of her experiences last summer as winner of a Danforth Foundation Fellowship. Emma Rose and George Ash, a senior in agriculture, represented Cornell in a group of students from various universities of the country, who were sent through fellowships granted by the Ralston-Purina Company to St. Louis and to the American Youth Foundation camp on Lake Michigan during the month of August.

The student council, organized last year as a means of bringing student and staff together on problems and policies of mutual interest and concern, is sending a committee of four members with Miss Rose to visit Bennington College in Vermont, to study their student government plan and study program which is as successful as it is unique. Bennington College opened in 1932, with ideas about higher education which are better described as advanced than radical. In keeping with their belief that learning is a life process, and should be engaged in

voluntarily rather than submitted to as a necessary evil of "schooling," they have set up a program which is flexible in choice, and provides for individual differences, and possibilities of experience. During the winter they have a two-months recess, when students may travel, work, study at home, or do whatever fits in best with their program and needs at the time. There are no final examinations or "required" subjects. Lest you think it sounds like a lark, remember the boy who wrote home from college, "They are actually making me do my own thinking here, and I find it an exhausting process."

Mary Marlow '37 designed a prize-winning dress for the Mademoiselle magazine contest. The dress, a black velvet formal with novel lacing at the back, is shown in the November issue of the magazine, and the prize is a copy of the dress itself, made to fit "Meggie." It is being sold in one of the leading New York shops. We are all looking forward to seeing her wear it at the Balch formal dance.

The lowly potato is being dignified by much important research. In Cleveland, Ohio, the "potato center" of the east, research members are watching the purchases of consumers. Every different kind of potato purchased is sent to Cornell, first to the Vegetable Crops department to be graded, and then to the home-ec college. The study of the cooking properties of potatoes involves cooking of each kind of potato in four different ways, to determine its preparation waste and quality. Quality includes flavor, texture, and appearance but there is all sorts of difficulty with the flavor. Picture the difficulty of being objective about flavor. There are eight "tasters" who go on shifts of two days a week (beyond two days a week, they say, all potatoes cooked in all ways begin to taste alike). Mrs. Lola Dudgeon is making Vitamin C determinations of the raw and cooked potatoes, and Miss Catharine Personius of the foods and nutrition staff is working with Professor Sharp in the Department of Dairy Chemistry on the properties of the various potatoes from a chemical standpoint. The college cafeteria is also cooperating in the comparison of the different varieties of potatoes, as they are used in the cafeteria. Are we getting potato conscious?

Time soon to turn on our holiday smiles!

Sally Senior

Psychiatrics on Parade

"Drs." Bredbenner and Hernandez, members of Dr. Pearl Gardiner's class in child and adolescent psychology, held a clinic during a recent class period.

Students portrayed different types of mental derangement such as; neurotics, fanatics, and victims of inferiority complexes. The doctors asked searching questions and encouraged the patients to expose their abnormalities.

Among the patients, Mr. Goodrich was especially convincing as the germ fanatic who never forgot that germs lurked here, there, and everywhere. Miss Hobson, another fanatic, was a secretary who believed that her boss's wife was a secretary's worst enemy. The doctors pointed out saner ways of thinking to the patients.

Intra-mural Sports to Be Organized

The plans are being worked out on the reorganization of intra-mural sports. Under the new set-up the students of the University will be represented in five groups as follows: Fraternities, Colleges, Organized Independents, Unorganized Independents, and Church Denominations. These five groups will arrange a program of sports whereby each group will contest with the other group for supremacy in individual sports. With this extensive program every student in the University will have a chance to take part in some sport.

English Agriculturist Studying At Cornell

A young English agriculturist, B. J. Weston, has entered the Agricultural department of Cornell University to take graduate courses in American methods of rural extension, which he will adapt and apply to the development of a rural program now being developed on the Island of Cyprus in the Aegean Sea as a joint project of the British Government and the Near East Foundation on funds provided by the Carnegie Endowment.

Because of Mr. Weston's fine record in South Africa, in Palestine, where he made a survey of the citrus fruit industry, and in Cyprus, he was chosen to head this work. Prof. Allen felt that a year's study at Cornell, where he would absorb at first hand methods used by the Foundation workers, both American and native, in Macedonia, would prove to be a very strong link in developing the new project at Cyprus.

Campus Chats

November 17 students trudging their daily rounds turned their heads to gaze at the space between James Law Hall and the Drill Hall. There was a great digging of dirt between these two buildings. This time, however, the green grass of our fair campus was not being torn up by men curious to learn the workings and leakings of steam pipes, water mains, or other buried paraphernalia of civilization. Here instead was a gasoline shovel or clam breaking ground for the new veterinary building.

Cayuga Lake, with cold treacherous currents, and dark, unfathomed depths should be a good subject for mystery or romance. Long before 1493, when Columbus did sail the deep blue sea, artists and writers were fond of picturing in paints and colorful words the terrible monsters that lurked in the uncharted oceans. These dragons of the deep played with ships, knocking them about and smacking their great lips in delight as they gobbled each savoury sailor.

In modern times every now and then some of our papers carry a big splurge about a modern sea monster. Maybe he appears in one of Scotland's beautiful Lochs, swimming up behind a kilted Scotsman, and swallowing him, bagpipes and all. Or with water sliding noiselessly off his ugly, long, scaly neck, he appears in the midst of the Indian Ocean, and nabs the steersman of a native boat.

So we might well have one here in Cayuga. Our lake is certainly deep enough for him to lurk in, and long enough to give him room to exercise in and keep up a good appetite. To keep up the love interest, we could have him, some nice evening, chaperone a student who is giving a co-ed a ride in a sail-boat. When his dinner time arrived he could give the boat a tap with his tail and flip the co-ed into his mouth. The student, in frenzy, might tear up the mast, and with it harpoon the brute. Dyeing the blue waters red, the serpent could then disappear beneath the surface with his prey, leaving the unhappy student to face frantic parents, excited reporters, and a wide-eyed populace. Yes, by all means, to put Cayuga Lake on the map, let us have a Cayuga lake-serpent.

Alumni to Pay Tribute to Dr. Farrand

Dr. Livingston Farrand, who retires from the presidency of Cornell University June 30, 1937, is soon to attend as official representative of Cornell University his last alumni convention. The occasion will be the meeting of the Alumni Corporation to be held in Baltimore, November 27-28.

On December 3 he is to be guest of honor at an alumni dinner to be given in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. The Cornell Club of New York has sent out many invitations and the response has been world wide. Judge Frank H. Hiscock '75, chairman of the University Board of Trustees, will be toastmaster.

Dr. Farrand, Cornell's fourth president, has just completed fifteen years of service. He was inaugurated in October, 1921.

"Jimmy" Rice Honored in New York

Professor James E. Rice, former head of the Department of Poultry Husbandry at Cornell University, took a leading part in the Second Poultry Industries Exposition and Sixth Annual Convention of NEPPCO (North-eastern Poultry Producers Council) held in New York November 10-14. On the noon of November 12, Professor Rice who is president of NEPPCO spoke at a luncheon given by the Rotary Club of New York in honor of the Poultry Industries Exposition. During the luncheon Dr. Cliff D. Carpenter, director of the Poultry Division of Lederle Laboratories Inc., sang for the first time a song entitled "Our Jimmy." This song, written by Dr. Carpenter, was the winning song in a contest sponsored by the Pacific Egg Producers Cooperative Inc., as a tribute to James E. Rice.

On Friday noon November 13 Professor Rice spoke to the annual luncheon and meeting of NEPPCO in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel New Yorker. Mrs. Rice, who accompanied her husband, was presented with a large bouquet of chrysanthemums and roses and was welcomed into the council.

How can some profs be animated the twentieth time they repeat a lecture when the student goes to sleep on the first rendition?

The main difference between a dog and a student in a class room is that the dog sleeps lying down.

Arts Versus Ag

The Cornell Sun published a letter by Richard S. Schwartz '38, a transfer student from Chicago, stating his understanding of certain articles by Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago. President Hutchins' articles state that the world is suffering from a lack of intellectual leadership. Mr. Schwartz, in attempting to explain President Hutchins' ideas, said that giving cows cough medicine, cleaning horses etc., have no place on the Cornell Campus. According to his letter, he believes that the College of Arts and Sciences is the only college that has a place on this Campus.

Of course, many letters of protest were received by the Sun. One writer argues that Cornell was founded as an institution where anyone learns Mechanical Arts and Agriculture and that any additions to this curriculum are secondary. Another writer compared the beauty of an Arts student dozing through philosophy lectures and an Ag student cleaning a horse and decided that the latter was the more beautiful. The Ag student won again when his search for truth through a microscope was compared with the Arts student's industrious copying of his "frater's" report. We are anxiously awaiting further controversy on the subject.

Professor Morrison Tells of An-Hus Research

On Tuesday evening, October 27, Professor Morrison of the Animal Husbandry staff gave to the Round-Up Club an outline of "Animal Husbandry Research at Cornell." Professor Morrison spoke of the use of feeds high in fat value with the idea of raising the fat content of the milk. Results of recent experiments showed that the small increase in fat was not warranted by the large additional cost of the feed. He said that synthetic rations could be used experimentally, but warned that they were not practical for the ordinary farmer. The problem of vitamin deficiency in pigs has also merited much attention. Professor Morrison advised the use of twenty-five percent Alfalfa hay in the ration but could see no advantage in the use of Cod Liver Oil. With the advent of many cheaper methods of getting our oil meals resulting in an inferior product, Professor Morrison stressed the point that we may soon have to look elsewhere for our high-quality protein feeds.

Campus Chats

In the old days when Cornell crews were consistently victorious, it was held that the daily trek from Cayuga to the campus far above was a factor in giving the boys the superior leg sinews and enduring lungs that led to victory on the waves. Now the auto is degenerating the underpinning of our youth, and some prominent men go so far as to say that in the far future, man will have atrophied legs, as well as toothless gums, hairless pates, and bleary eyes, as a result of an artificial life. Here then, we can bring in a good word for our much abused Ithaca weather. Already, Monday the sixteenth of November, a generous coating of ice spread over Ithaca hills. Many a student, and professor as well, arrived on the campus with red cheeks, and blowing the great breaths of exertion. Are we getting softer than the lads who trod these hills and dales back in '89? No, indeed, we go them one better, we push our cars up the hill too.

If all the rubber rain capes worn by coeds at Cornell were sunk off the coast of Spain—all the coeds would get wet.

Forensically inclined students of the College of Agriculture are being offered two excellent opportunities. Competition for the Eastman Prize for Public Speaking opens November 30, and for the Rice Debate Stage, December 3.

Students must register at the Extension Teaching Office on noon of the competition day. The prizes for each are \$100 for the first and \$25 for the second. Trials are held in Roberts Assembly at 7:00 o'clock.

A three-minute speech on any subject is required for the Eastman Prize. Twelve speakers will be selected to talk again on December 14.

The Rice Debate this year will be Resolved: that the township unit of government is the most efficient unit of local government for the service now rendered by the townships of New York State. It was established by James E. Rice, Professor of Poultry Husbandry, Emeritus. Eight students will be selected to compete on December 17 at 7:30.

Christmas time will soon be here. Send the Countryman to a friend.

Dr. Day Next Cornell President

Dr. Edmund Ezra Day, New York educator, will succeed Dr. Livingston Farrand as president of Cornell University. Dr. Farrand is to retire on June 30, 1937.

Dr. Day is at present director of the social science programs of the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board. His duties with the General Education Board date from 1933; he has been with the Rockefeller Foundation since 1927, serving as director since 1928. Previous to 1927 he was for five years Professor of Economics at the University of Michigan. While there he organized the School of Business Administration and was its first dean. He was also Dean of the University with one of his chief duties the preparation of the university budget. Prior to 1923 he held various instructorships and professorships at Dartmouth and Harvard.

His experience as an economist and sociologist is varied. He was one of the two representatives of the United States on the Preparatory Commission of Experts for the World Monetary and Economic Conference of 1932-1933. He was statistician for various departments of the Federal Government during and following the World War. In 1927 he was president of the American Statistical Association. He is the author of two books, "Statistical Analysis" and "The Growth of Manufacturing."

Dr. Day, who will be Cornell's fifth president, was unanimously recommended by a joint committee of faculty and trustees appointed in June 1935. Since that time there has been much speculation as to the new president. His election early in November was a surprise to alumni and students alike.

Dr. Day, "Rufus" to his friends, is fond of hiking, being used to the hills of Hanover. So Ithaca's steep slopes should make a pleasant setting for his future work.

Telegraph In Roberts Hall

Everytime we pass the new booth of the Western Union in Roberts we are tempted to stop and ask Mr. Walter Warriner if he will take a cable from us to the Azores—just to see what he'd say. Or we might wire home for money and tell the folks that the weather map across the hall predicts snow for the home-town.

Since the opening of the office, 250 messages have been sent daily. The independent university service is quicker and avoids crowding of the down-town system.

Homogenized Milk (Continued from page 5)

operation in New York State. It is well known that dealers buy milk on a fat test basis and yet it is sold to the consumer by the quart without a word being said about the amount of fat present. Very few consumers actually know how much fat is in the milk they buy. Under the present laws dealers do not dare to specify on their bottle caps the amount of fat present because it varies from day to day and they are not permitted to adjust it. If standardization were permitted the fat content could be printed on the milk bottle cap and both dealer and consumer would benefit.

Homogenization refers to the passing of milk through a machine called an homogenizer. This is really a high pressure pump which forces milk through a small opening at very high speed. This causes the fat globules in the milk to be broken up into extremely small particles which are uniformly distributed throughout.

Though the effect of homogenization seems to be chiefly upon the fat, other changes are brought about concerning which little is known at present.

The properties of homogenized milk are considerably different from the milk previous to treatment. Cream does not rise to the surface and there is no need for mixing. A glass of milk may be placed in the refrigerator without having a heavy layer of cream form on the surface. The milk has a richer appearance and is smoother and richer to taste. There is no temptation to remove cream from the milk bottle for breakfast coffee, and then to feed the skim milk to the children the rest of the day. If restaurants, hotels, and boarding-houses were required to use standardized, homogenized milk it would be impossible for them to partially skim it and still sell the inferior remainder to their customers.

Feedings prepared for infants in advance do not need to be remixed when used. Also the curd formed in the stomach upon ingestion is softer and more easily digested. The fat of homogenized milk is likewise easier to digest as it is in smaller particles and more readily attacked by the digestive juices. Homogenized milk is superior to ordinary milk for the making of milk drinks, cream sauce, and custards.

Standardization must, of course, go hand in hand with homogenization. Though the cream line on the milk bottle is a much poorer index of the fat of milk than most housewives can

Ho-Nun-De-Kah Elections Of the Class of '37

Robert John Euker
Chester Alonzo Gordon
Leon Franklin Graves
John William Kelley
F. Tyler Kniffiffin
Frank Joseph Politi
Albert Sidney Tomlinson
Robert Frederick Winship

in fat. With homogenized milk, since the cream does not rise there would be a temptation on the part of the dealer to reduce the fat content of his product. However, with standardization legalized, it would be necessary that the minimum fat content of the milk be printed on the bottle and then the consumer could tell at a glance exactly what he was getting for his money.

One of our larger State Agricultural Colleges which has a retail milk route in conjunction with its dairy department has distributed homogenized, standardized milk for a considerable time with very favorable results. After using the product for a time customers were very reluctant to return to the regular type of bottled milk.

This is only one of the major changes that will be placed before the public in the next few years. Everyone should remember that advancement is going on rapidly and be prepared to receive without prejudice the changes which will certainly come in the near future.

Professor Wing Dies

Henry Hiram Wing '81 professor emeritus of animal husbandry died at his home in Little Falls November twenty-first. He was 77 years old. Professor Wing retired as head of the animal husbandry department in 1928. He had been a member of the faculty for forty years.

Prof. Wing was a former president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America which he was influential in forming; former assistant director of the N. Y. S. Agricultural Experiment Station 1881-83; and deputy director and secretary 1888-91. He was a former instructor at the University of Nebraska, and author of *Milk and Its Products*. He was a member of Sigma Xi. Wing Coliseum the amphitheater at the State Fair grounds was dedicated in his honor in September 1934.

Peaches For Sale

(Continued from page 7)

would take the fruit off John's hands and allow him forty percent. John kept 50 bushels to sell himself. He figured that his total peach profits would be three hundred dollars. One half of what he had counted on.

John was discouraged. With things as they were, even if he did meet this note, there'd have to be more. It was a losing game. He'd better get out when he could. For the first time, he began to talk of moving off the back road on to civilization where a man could make a living. Mrs. Kendall was almost obsessed with the idea of staying on the farm. "Be sensible," her daughters urged. "It would be better for all of us to move near town. Father could give up the cows which don't bring in any money anyway and have a nice roadside stand business. He could buy from our neighbors and we'd be nearer town to get to work."

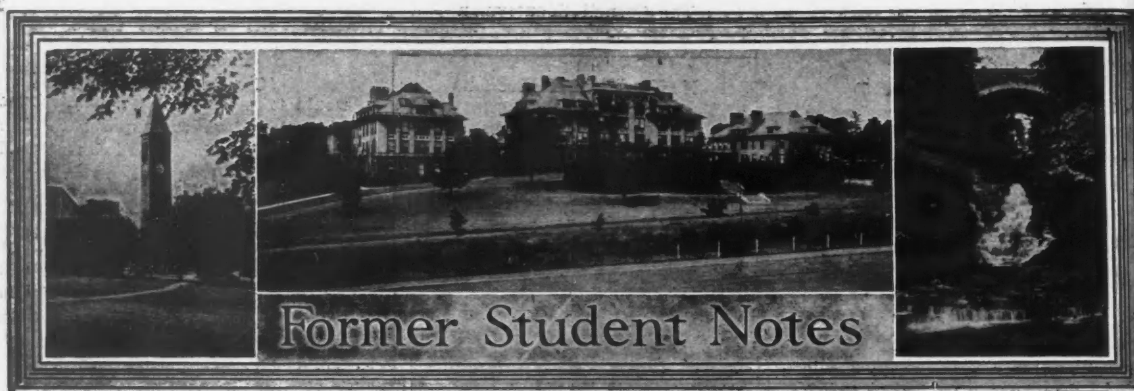
"I can't think of leaving this place," their mother wept. "I'd feel as if I'd been torn up from my roots. I have everything I love here. I'd dig up every plant in this place rather than let any one else have it."

All winter tension hung in the air. Evelyn knew that John was looking at small places for sale near Stockton. She abhorred the thought of living in one of the little box like houses so close to the main highway. Although he asked her, she never went with him. She knew he would have to decide by Spring for he would have to plan his crops and spray his orchards.

One April morning she was out in the garden putting Tulip bulbs in the ground. John was carrying wood into the house. He came over to talk to her. "I wonder who those boys are down the road. Probably another bunch of CCC boys making marks on our trees." His voice was scornful. "I think I'll go down and see what they're doing."

But Evelyn found out what it was all about before he returned. The mailman drove up to the house and handed her a letter from the state highway department. It was addressed to her husband but her curiosity was too great to wait.

"Would Mr. Kendall be willing," the letter read, "to sell two strips of land 30 feet wide on either side of the road past his house since the state was putting a concrete highway through to Hillsdale." Mrs. Kendall sat down. She was weak. And then she laughed. "And they're going to pay us for the land," she said aloud. He led to believe, it nevertheless shows roughly whether milk is rich or poor.



'00

Norman Dodge of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company is a member of the board of trustees of the Bank of New York and Trust Company, 38 Wall St., New York.

'01

Frederick G. Dunlop is Head Gardener at the U. S. Veterans Administration Facility at Lyons, New Jersey. His home address is Box 219, Basking Ridge, New Jersey. A son Frederick G. Jr. was born on October 25.

'06

Professor of soil technology at the University of California, Charles F. Shaw has been appointed president of the sub-commission of North America of the International Congress of Soil Science, charged with compiling a general map of North America, and related activities. His address is 320 Hilgard Hall, Berkeley, California.

'13

After all these years, Elwyn H. Dole is a rancher. His address is Box 293, Harlouton, Montana.

'14

William I. Myers, governor of Farm Credit Administration, addressed the insurance companies of American Mutual Alliance at the Annual convention in Philadelphia, Pa.

Silas "Cy" Stimpson is breeding purebred Ayreshire dairy cattle in Spencer, N. Y. He is also a member of the Tioga County Board of Supervisors: Wedding bells recently tolled the second time for "Cy".

'16

Frank Faulkner is farming on a general dairy farm at Afton, N. Y. His wife, formerly Margaret Kniskern '18, is teaching science at the Afton high school.

'21

John L. Dickinson is now holding the position of field organization manager of the Eastern State Farmers Exchange in Springfield, Mass.

'22

Lewis Stratton and Mrs. Stratton, formerly Anna Jackson '24, are applying their college training on the farm and in the home at Oxford, N. Y. Mr. Stratton is also doing part time work for the Production Credit Corporation in Chenango County.

Dayton Becker is successfully combining a large potato farm with an insurance business in Wayland, N. Y.

'26

Ralph Goodal is tester for a Dairy Herd Improvement Association surrounding Auburn N. Y. Ralph has also given a series of talks over the air waves from Auburn on topics relating to dairying.

'27

Richard M. Conner was recently married to Elizabeth Graham of White Plains. Mr. Conner is an employee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

A son, George Frederick, was born November the third to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas LaMont at 607 Mitchell Street. "Tom" is associated with the Land Classification Service.

Charles Capron former All American guard and captain of the basketball team, is managing a successful produce business in Wayland, N. Y.

'29

Clement Rynalski and Elizabeth Ellison were married October 3. Thomas Rynalski was his brother's best man.

'30

Elma Dewey is teaching Home Economics in Wayland, N. Y.

Walter Ferris Dunning '30 led Miss Gertrude Adelyn Campbell of Albany, N. Y. to the altar, and has taken her to 165 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., to live.

Joseph M. Pohnston Jr., is a florist in McKeesport, Pa., where he lives at 1030 Fawcett Avenue. He married Annabel Stevenson, Westminster alumna, in November, 1935.

Stanford Bates is teaching in the Agricultural Department in Sandy Creek. In his spare time, "Stan" manages his mother's farm near Adams where he lives with his wife and daughter.

'31

Mrs. Harrison C. Bartlett (Catherine A. Blewer) '31 is home demonstration agent in Orleans County, with offices in Albion.

Mary Evans '31 was changed from Tioga to Broome county on February 1, and has combined Home Bureau

and 4-H work.

Kenneth Hood, Grad. '31, is now a professor in the Agricultural Economics Department of Penn State.

Olive Worden '31 is the head dietitian at Risley Hall, Cornell University. No wonder the meals are so good.

Kay Lancy '32 is assisting with work in the line of clothing in Monroe County.

Dick Ringrose '32 married Miss Helen Schroeder and took her with him to Clemson College, in South Carolina.

'33

The Home demonstration agent for Wyoming county is Harriet McNinch '33.

Lillian M. MacGregor is assistant in the Morristown Memorial Hospital, Morristown, New Jersey.

'34

Herbert H. Baum and Miss Aurilla Cutler Weir were married at Plattsburg, N. Y., on August first.

"Ben" Bradley is in town nearly every weekend. He is with the Resettlement Administration.

Carroll C. Connelly has changed her address from 63 Ballston Avenue, Ballston Spa, to 225 East Thirtieth Street, New York City, where she is rooming with Katherine A. Reed.

James Burdick is working in Buffalo, New York.

Kay DuMond is working in her brother's office in Walton, New York.

Duane L. Gibson, was married on May 15 to Miss Gladys Ethelwyne North of Ithaca. When "Gibby" is not doing research work for the Sociology department, he and the missus are living in Forest Home.

Everett Counner Lattiner married Miss Charlotte Mary Mangan '35 of Angola on June 25. E. C. L. is from Gilboa, N. Y.

Clarence "Clancy" Lewis, is with the Resettlement Administration with home offices in Binghamton.

Harold Puderbaugh is teaching Agriculture in Jasper, N. Y. "Harold" has discarded his Chevrolet and now breezes along in a new Ford V-8.

Charles John Strohman married Miss Edith Marion Washburn recently. The couple intend to live at 104 Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

'35

Audrey Harkness, who, as one of the editorial board of the Countryman in '35, wrote us so many good articles is now Mrs. Donald O'Connor. She was married July 25 at her home in Moravia. She and her husband are now living in Mechanicville, N. Y.

Recently appointed assistant to the director of the home economics department of Proctor and Gamble, Elizabeth Myers, Senior president of Omicron Nu, says, "It's going to be very interesting. This department is part of the clerical division, and I was greatly surprised when I first came to find Cornelius Betten, Jr. '31 is one of the other officers of the divi-

sion." Her address is 241 East Auburn Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Richard O. Myers married Agnes W. Daggett of Ithaca, October 10. Gustav L. Hollstein '35 of Montclair, New Jersey, was best man. Myers is with the State Department of Agriculture in New York City. After a trip to Washington, D. C., and Virginia, the couple will live at 8 Poppy Place, Floral Park.

Richard G. Price and Elizabeth A. DuBois were married October 11 at Newburgh. They live in Newark Valley, where Price is with the Grange League Federation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith of Montour Falls announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Frances Eleanore Smith to Henry Vincent Allen, Jr.

Clinton R. Stimson is back here at Cornell again, but not as an undergraduate. He is doing graduate work, and chemical analysis for the an-hus department. Last year he was at Iowa State College working for his master's degree, his particular problem being vitamin deficiency in animal feeds. When he was an undergraduate at Cornell, he did the four year course in three years, besides gathering a few scholarships, so he was rather a busy man. Perhaps "Stimmie" has a little more time, now that he is back at Cornell.

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